

CLASSMATES



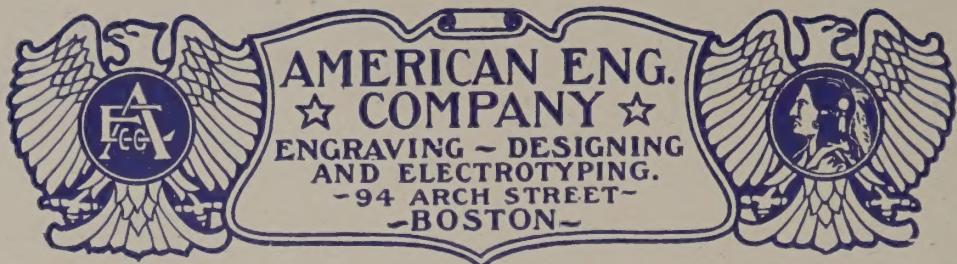
1922

May, 1922

Vol. XLI.

No. 8

Advertisements



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Latin School Register

May, 1922

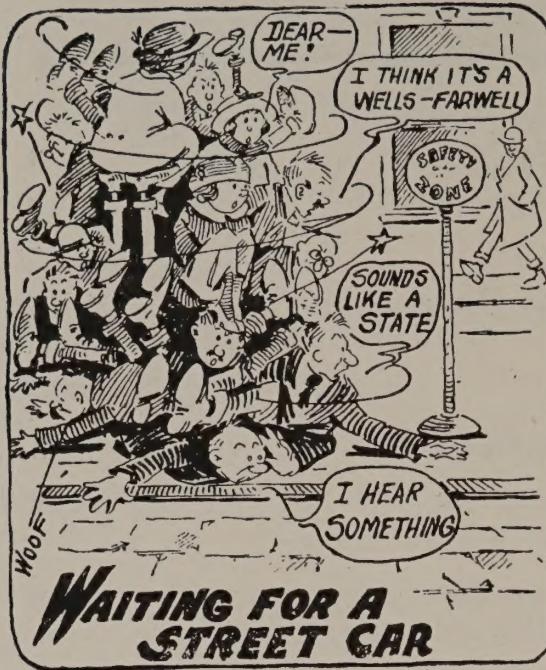
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Latin School Register

MAY, 1922

The Class Day Number

This is the Class Day Number, dedicated to the banner day of the graduating class. One might attempt to tell the ideals and hopes of the Class of '22. But it would be a wasted attempt, for the representatives of the Class of '22 have spoken their feelings; and our sentiments, however warm they may be, would be insignificant in the intensity of theirs.

To the writer, as a spectator, the delegates of the Class of '22—orator, poet, and songsters—have seemed to represent the graduating class in its most apparent form. They are representative of the sterling types developed under the shadow of Alma Mater.

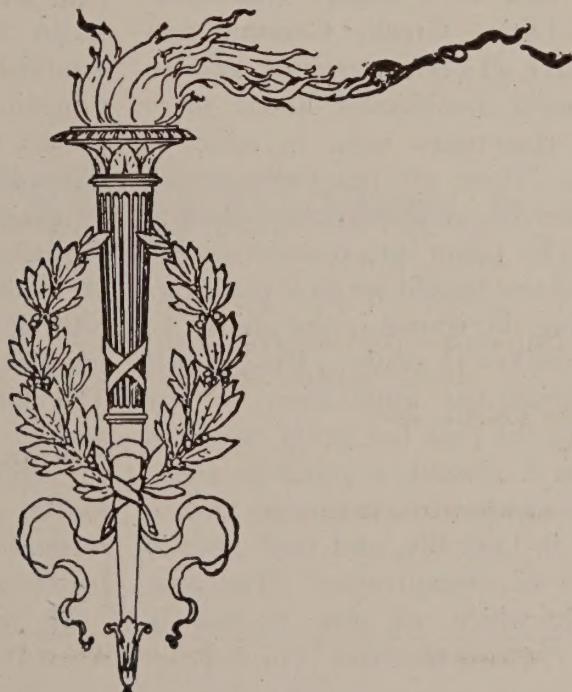
We have the class orator, known to most of us. Strong, pure, and earnest, he leaves the school to come into closer

contact with throbbing American life. He *typifies* Latin School Spirit.

We have the class poet. We are told that genius loves solitude,—sad to say—and secludes itself. So reticent is our poet, that he would not appear before the whole school, but would have the fruit of his ability come from the lips of a classmate. Perhaps this representative of the Class of '22 will one day be another Edgar Guest!

We might go on to tell what these boys said, but the abstract is not so pure as the original. We, therefore, print the class oration, so directly and admirably spoken on the last Class Day. We print the class poem, read to show all its beauty and spirit, and the class song delightful in sound and expressive in spirit, to speak for the Class of '22.

M. '23



Class Oration

William G. Henry

Mr. Campbell, distinguished guests, members of the faculty, friends of the School, and classmates:—

The fondest dream of the Class of 1922 has today become a realization. We celebrate this day as our own Class Day, a day that will live in our memories forever.

A few short years ago, we entered this school, filled with the overflowing exuberance of youth, carefree and careless. During our all too brief sojourn here, our minds have been developed to such an extent that out of the conglomerated mass of vague ideas, our conceptions have been clearly defined and directed into the right channels. We have acquired, during an interesting and beneficial course, a working knowledge of the classics. One thing, at least, we are sure of, and that is that we are now prepared to enter upon the higher step of training, that of a college education. English, Latin, Greek, German and French have all been taught us, and we have learned considerable about these subjects, sometimes even in spite of ourselves. These are but the concrete values derived; the abstract benefits must also be taken into consideration.

The greatest benefit we have made our own during the course is the ability to apply ourselves to study. By devoted and conscientious application to our studies for the past few years, we have gained, as a reward, a priceless asset, regardless of what course we may choose to follow in later life, and that asset is the power of concentration. The host of friends which we now possess is

another great blessing. Through intercourse in the classroom and corridors, on the athletic field, and in all school activities, we made numerous acquaintances. With the passing years these acquaintances ripened into friendships. Acquaintances with the best class of boys in Boston, Latin School boys, are the buds of life-long friendships. These friends may prove to be indispensable in later life.

Our secondary school days are nearing their close, and we must soon take up the task which now confronts us. Peace has been established. The inevitable readjustment of wartime conditions is prevalent upon the country at large. Dissatisfaction is evident everywhere. There exists a continual contention between Capital and Labor that must be terminated. It is for us, the fortunate, who have received the benefits of a training at the Boston Latin School, to end this discord and establish a harmonized, peaceful relationship. The United States has just passed through a period of unrest, the like of which has never before been witnessed in this country. There were thousands of men unemployed, hundreds of factories shut down, and scores of lines of business failing daily. It needs must be that these times come to an end. The chaos and disturbance must vanish, and a brighter and broader view appear throughout the land. We shall be looked upon as leaders. Our task is to reconstruct civilization; let us not fall below expectations.

Mr. Campbell, the Class of 1922 has

studied under you as teacher and worked under you as headmaster. Your untiring efforts have not been without avail, and the Class, by word and deed, will uphold your prestige as the head of its Alma Mater.

Members of the faculty, I, as spokesman of the Class, wish to express its sincerest and most profound thanks for your ceaseless toil. During your daily instruction, we have come to regard you, not in the light of enemies, but rather as our well-wishers and friends. We only hope that we may attain the heights which you have set for us as goals.

Classmates, we are approaching the day when we must part. Our ways diverge. In spite of our arguments and trivial differences, we have lived together as brothers the last few years, in all sweet accord. We have all been tried and found to be true. There are bonds

that hold us very close together; let these bonds strengthen as we grow older, and draw us ever nearer to our School.

We have always been fondly directed and guided. First, our mothers undertook the task and, of course, succeeded. Then the School admirably continued it. Now, having done this much for us, she releases us to work for ourselves. Their duty is done, ours just beginning. Our predecessors have established and maintained a high standard. For the sake of our mothers and families, teachers and Alma Mater, we shall not lower it or detract from it.

We are young; we have the whole, wide world before us. We have thus far been fortunate in obtaining a splendid beginning. Upon this wonderful foundation, let us build a magnificent monument, a notable evidence that will reflect honor to our Class, and glory to our own Boston Latin School.



Class Poem

George Macgovern

Like a sunbeam after dawn
 Lighting up the woodlands drear,
 Like a May-breeze with the morn
 Came an angel, without fear,

Flying over virgin lands,
 Over forests, far and near,
 Where fierce redmen roamed in bands!
 Seeking those she loved so dear!

Then she found them—sight inspiring!
 Noble men, great, and austere,
 Firm, unflinching, never tiring,
 Strong in knowing God was near!

Found them in a wilderness,
 Following their conscience clear,
 Fleeing from all bitterness,
 Seeking freedom, even here!

Down she flew on flashing wings;
 In her eyes celestial fire
 Shone divine—as one who brings
 Blessings which men's souls inspire!

Down, and lighting in their midst,
 Filled with grandeur all the air!
 Men her garments, kneeling kist,
 Youths adored this angel fair!

Straitway, then a temple raised they,
 To this angel sweet and fair!
 All her glorious virtues praised they;
 Trusted their sons to her care,

She has given each a shield
 Which the treach'rous arrow, lie
 Cannot pierce; a sword to wield
 Against Discord. He must die!

Helmet of intelligence,
 Firmly braced with lofty thought!
 Fighting with all diligence
 Slay the wrongs of every sort!

In immortal armor clad,
 Proof against all earthly stain,
 Go we to combat the bad,
 That all good may come again!

With a banner bearing, "Truth",
 That the world in peace may lie,
 Let us fight for coming youth;
 Never cease until we die!

And oh my classmates! When we meet
 In the Hereafter, by the throne
 Of Holiness—if we can say
 (To Alma Mater's praise and fame)
 That n'er for us a blush of shame
 Has stained her cheeks, to leave them
 gray—
 Then Heaven itself is all our own,
 And Joy Eternal we shall greet!

For they knew that throughout life
 Wisdom in all hearts should burn,
 Else all must be lost to Strife,—
 Fools from failure never learn!

And she taught them, with great
 learning,
 Every virtue to inspire
 In their souls a mighty yearning
 To things noble to aspire!

Thus Alma Mater, our protecting mother
 Came, bringing all that makes a soul
 divine;
 And many sons and sons of sons have
 passed
 Beneath the portals of her hallowed
 temple.
 She taught them honesty and heavenly
 truth,
 And in the hearts of all she placed the
 seeds

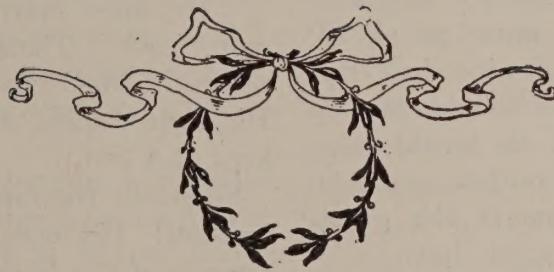
Of wisdom; then she sent them forth prepared
To fight the evils which beset men's paths,
Which bring into their lives heart-cutting anger,
Embroiling them in countless petty quarrels,
And serious catastrophes.

In a few
Short years—God's greatest miracle—
sprang up
This mighty nation, in whose sons all
hope lies
Of sweet salvation for this world of
discord.
Her sons from old has she entrusted to
Th'enobling, loving care of Alma Mater.

(How well this confidence has been repaid!)

Great men have evidenced the elements
Of truth ineffable which she imbued;
Great fame and just renown they've won
for her,

The fairest and the noblest in the land!
We are her youngest and her dearest, for
The youngest *are* the dearest, ever. She
Has armed us for a conflict such as never
Her older sons have had to face; for all
The passions which have struggled within
men
Since birth of time, have broken loose,
and shaken,
Our world to its foundation, and still
rampant,
Are raging through the land! We must
subdue them!



Get Your Man

It was two weeks since McCoy had seen any human being. That was when he left for Fort Tomson. He had expected to overtake his man within the month, and his next stop was to have been Sainte Claire, by direct route six days from Fort Tomson, for McCoy supposed that his quarry would make for that outpost. Under this supposition he stocked his sled with a week's supplies, but his calculations were imperfect. The pursued man changed his course and headed for the Yukon; more populous, to be sure, but easy to be used as hiding place till he should reach United States territory in Alaska.

McCoy thought that the outlaw must have been well supplied to undertake the fortnight's journey ahead of him. The outlaw, in turn, knew the persistency of the Northwest Mounted Police and life and freedom depended on his reaching United States territory.

Hunger stopped McCoy, and over a small fire he cooked his last handful of flour with some melted snow. It was no use turning back; he would have been a corpse before he got half way to the outpost. He must go ahead! The man he was following had had but two days' start. Should McCoy follow night and day he would most probably overtake the outlaw, and then he could partake of some of the provisions the quarry must surely have.

With this thought as a stimulus to action he quickly finished his meagre supper and started after his man again. The dogs were fast becoming much weaker through lack of nourishment, and he determined to kill one as food for the rest the next time they should stop. For twelve hours he travelled on; now running by the sled, now pushing it from behind, now resting on it for a

breathing space. Nature's toll must be paid, and McCoy was forced to snatch a few hours' repose. Again the pursuit was taken up, after the sleep. For four years he had trailed this man, and to think that he was so near, and yet so far was maddening. Another twelve hours and the policeman made a little tea—the last of his provisions—he could not go on much longer. The howl of a wolf caused him to realize his danger. His hair stood on end, perspiration froze on his brow, and a quivering took hold of his spine. He was losing his nerve. He shot one of the dogs. Immediately its mates fell upon it, and in a few moments there was nothing on the blood-stained snow but a few picked bones. It looked much as would a human corpse devoured by wolves. McCoy shuddered; he must be getting on.

He could not last much longer now. Oftentimes he found himself starting from a momentary trance—he was fast becoming a prey to hunger, he would soon be a victim of starvation unless — He must hurry on, overtake his man, feast. Though he did not fully realize it, McCoy was losing his reason. His steps lagged and the dogs barely kept at a trot.

Suddenly the leader cocked his ears forward! He emitted a sharp bark, the rest of the pack chorused a return bark. Somebody must be just ahead McCoy wondered how mother was; he must write home soon. He was brought to his senses by the howls and snarls of fighting dogs. His pack were fighting another pack. Now he remembered; he was, at last, victor. Here was the outlaw, and food! McCoy staggered over to the sled. There lay the body of

a man, dead from cold and starvation. McCoy tottered and fell upon him. He had followed his man even into the other world, while from the distance

came the howl of the timber wolf, and under the Northern Lights the snow began to drift from the wind.

—*Leo Keefe '23*

A Latin School Boy's Concern in the Results of the Washington Conference

In one way, a Latin School boy is not fitted to tell about the Washington Conference because he doesn't know enough about such affairs. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that a Latin School boy must have a vital interest in the results of this great council of the nations.

We must realize that our international troubles are not yet over. There are two ways of looking at what the Conference has accomplished. The pessimist of last November is jubilant today. For him the Conference has fulfilled far more than his most extravagant hopes. The optimist, on the other hand, looks upon the accomplishments of the Conference as the realization of his expectations, but not of his ideals and hopes, and he is right. We have taken a great step toward world peace, but we have yet far to go.

We have one concrete accomplishment in having stopped the naval race in the Pacific, and in having limited naval armaments. Every nation is now safe in her own waters and need fear war only when two of the three great naval powers unite against her. Public opinion decrees that no nation can start a great naval program without the consciousness that she is a deliberate challenger. By the 5-5-3 arrangement Britannia has finally "abdicated her rule of the seas."

As for the economic and political

conditions in the East, we have many promises, which remain to be fulfilled. It has been agreed to withdraw the post offices in China, as all nations agreed at the Madrid conference of the United Postal Union. A tariff increase has been granted, but this is less than that promised China twenty years ago. Japan has sold out entirely on the Shantung Railway, instead of maintaining claim to one-half ownership. For five years, however, she retains full ownership of the road in the form of a mortgage.

Japan has disappointed our hopes in the Conference. Her entire attitude,—if we may take a simile from James Morgan,—was like the crook who offered to divide his swag with the judge and jury. Yet we have hopes for Japan in the future. Hereafter the transgressing nation runs the risk of moral isolation, and imperial Japan fears this.

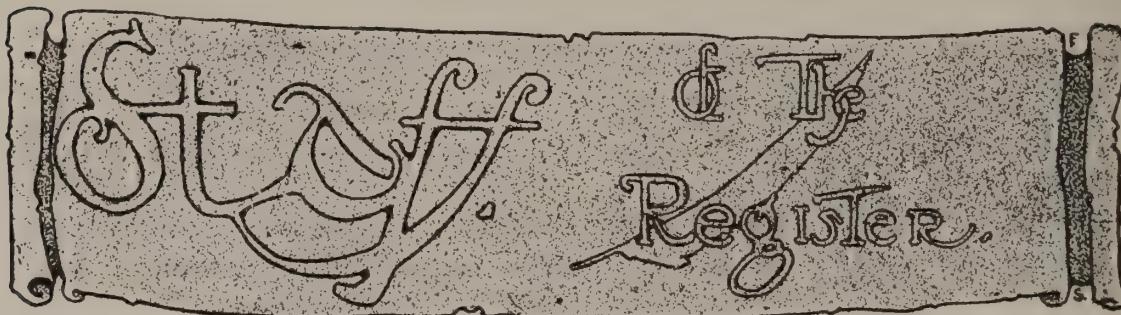
Apart from the concrete things the Conference has accomplished, it has spread abroad an influence, which is a great advance toward world peace. It has changed the psychology of war. The United States has gained great prestige in foreign policy and has come nearer co-operation with other nations. Above all, it has affected public opinion, and in a world of disordered affairs such as ours, this is of great importance.

Thus, as a Latin School boy, have I described in a way, very devoid of both color and detail, the resolutions of the Conference. With very few exceptions these have been ratified by the Senate.

The Conference is the beginning of a better state of world affairs to be continued, we hoped, by the Genoa Confer-

ence. World peace belongs to the future. We boys, accordingly, the men of tomorrow, are more directly affected than all others. It took Mr. Hughes, a giant of intellect, to start this great movement. Can we continue it?

—E. C. Marget '23



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HERBERT ELMER WHITING.....	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
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W. F. OTIS ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER	CLASS II EDITORS
E. C. MARGET	
PHILLIP FLYNN	CLASS III EDITORS
E. T. O'BRIEN	

School Notes

The Class Day exercises were held in the assembly hall on the Wednesday after school reopened. The graduating class, as usual, was excused from recitations on that day and was not required to report at the home room until 10 o'clock. At the end of the second period Classes II and III went to the hall. The exercises were preceded by orchestral music under the skillful guidance of Mr. Findlay. An open-

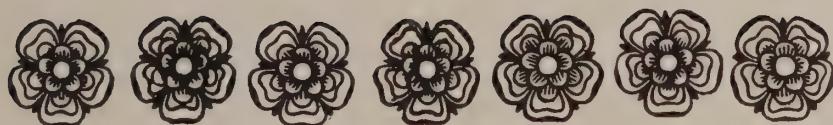
ing address by Mr. Campbell explained briefly the origin and dedication of Class Day and in short introduced the spirit of the occasion. Then, assembled on the platform, the Class of 1922 sang the class song, the music of which was written by John H. Wright, and the words by George Macgovern. Be it here remarked that this year's song was considerably better than usual. Edward Marget of the second class gave an

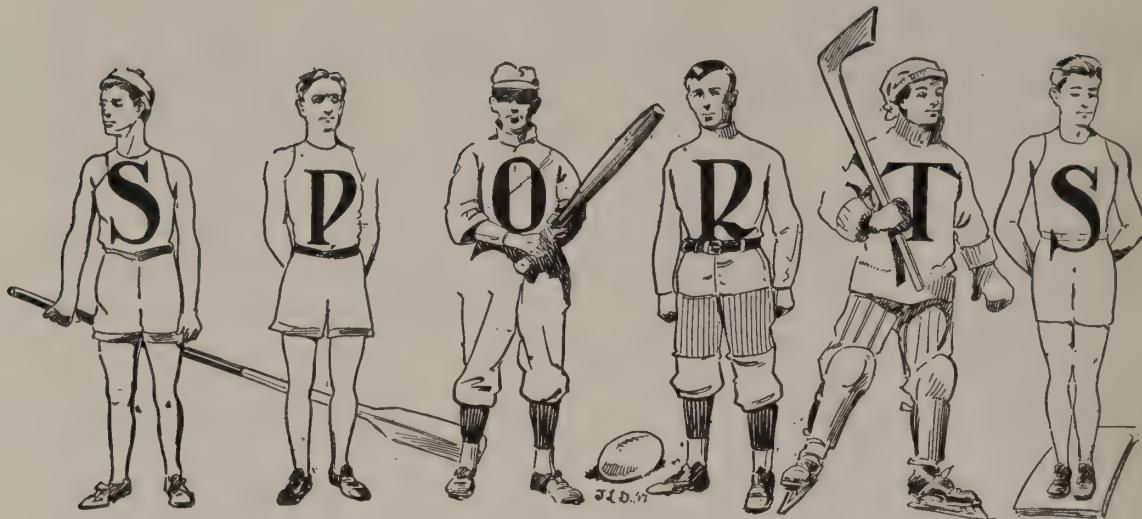
excellent recitation. After another selection by the orchestra William G. Henry, the class vice-president, delivered the oration. It was admirably given.

After the intermission, Theodore Massel played a piece on the piano. Phillips Boyd spoke the class poem, which had been written by G. Macgovern. There was another orchestra selection, following which, Mr. Campbell introduced the speaker of the day, Mr. Thomas C. O'Brien, the District Attorney of Suffolk County. He spoke in familiar manner on familiar subjects. Honor, gratitude, service, and all the virtues desirable in men and demanded of gentlemen were once again proclaimed to us the rightful responsibilities of a Latin School graduate. The salute to the colors was commanded by Capt. Joseph Pascoe.

Fortified, if not inspired, by lunch, the first battalion and the drum corps gave a military drill in the drill hall beginning at about half past one. The chief usher at the exercises was James F. McDermott, Jr., the class president. The other ushers were Captains Guild, Lash, Henry, Learson, Kolodny, Rooney, Pascoe, Rudnick, Maclean, and Olitzky, the class secretary.

Prof. George H. Nettleton of Yale, has been made president of Vassar College during the half-year of absence, in Europe, of President Henry Noble MacCracken, beginning next fall. Dr. Nettleton graduated from the Latin School and, after completing the course at Yale University, became a member of the faculty.





Baseball

Edmund Burke '22

SPORTING EDITOR

A double play by our boys in the ninth inning came just in time to make sure of the game with South Boston High by the score of 7 to 6. The score at the beginning of the ninth inning was 5 to 4 in our favor. In our half of this last inning our players added two more runs to the total, and it looked as though the game were over in favor of Latin. Haggerty had walked and Jacobs drove a three-bagger, knocking him in. Jacobs scored on a squeeze play with McDermott bunting.

In South Boston's half of this inning a couple of well-placed hits off Andrews, who was weakening fast, made the score 7 to 6. With a man on second and another on third the South Boston batter hit a pop fly to Finnegan. Foolishly the South Boston boys who were on the bases started to run, and Finnegan easily completed a double play by throwing to Nordberg, thus retiring the side and ending the game. Although the South Boston players got twice as many hits as ours, they were not

timely enough to cause much trouble	
LATIN	SOUTH BOSTON
Nordberg, 2b	cf, Perry
McDermott, c	cf, Mahoney
Finnegan, ss	ss, Erwin
Condon, c	3b, Kerrigan
Dacey, 1b	c, T. Walsh
Harris, rf	2b, Norton
Jacobs, lf	rf, Purcell
Haggerty, 3b	lf, Linehan
Andrews, p	2b, Lorden
	1b Thomas
	lf, McDonald
	p, J. Walsh

<i>Innings</i>	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Boston Latin ..	0	0	0	0	3	0	2	0	2—7
South Boston .	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	2—6

Runs: Nordberg 2, Dacey, Harris, Jacobs, Haggerty, Andrews, Perry, Mahoney, Kerrigan, T. Walsh 2, Purcell. Two-base hits: Kerrigan, McDonald. Three-base hit. Nordberg. Stolen bases. Purcell 2, Harris, T. Walsh 2, McDermott. Sacrifice hits. Andrews, Norton. Double plays. Kerrigan to J. Walsh, Finnigan to Nordberg. First

base on balls. Off J. Walsh 4, off Norton 2, off Andrews 2. Hit by pitched ball. By Andrews (Perry 2). Balk. Andrews. Struck out. By Walsh 6, by Norton 3, by Andrews 8. Wild pitches. Norton 2. Passed balls. T. Walsh 2.

On Friday, April 28th, our team played its first City League game with Dorchester High. The Dorchester team won, 6 to 1. Locke, the Dorchester pitcher and captain, was in fine form and fanned fifteen of our batters. Harris started the game in the box for us but was rather wild. Finnegan was transferred from short-stop to take Harris's place and did well. This is the first time he has pitched for the team, having played short-stop last year and this year. Several errors, that should not have been made, counted for scores. Henry and Finnegan succeeded in hitting the ball once apiece for two bases, while McDermott got a triple. Finnegan struck out seven Dorchester batters to Locke's fourteen. The game, in general, was a better one than the score might seem to indicate.

DORCHESTER

Murphy, 2b

Mehan, cf

Locke, p

Harrel, 3b

Cohen, rf

McDonald, 1b

White, lf

McQ'rk, lf

Harten, c

Butler, ss

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Dorchester 0 0 0 2 2 0 0 2 ..6

Boston Latin.... 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0-1

Runs. Condon, Harrell 2, McDonald 2, Murphy, Whitmore. Two-base hits. Harrell, Henry, Finnegan. Three-base hit. McDermott. Stolen bases Harrell, McDonald, Condon, Haggerty. Sacrifice hits. Haggerty, Meehan, Hart-

LATIN

3b, Nordberg

ss, p, Finnegan

c, Cou'lon

1b, Tobin

ss, Dacy

2b, Haggerty

lf, Jacobs

cf, McDermott

rf, Henry

p, Harris

en. First base on balls: Off Harris 1 off Finnegan 3. Hit by pitched ball: By Locke (Haggerty). Struck out: By Finnegan 7, by Locke 14. Wild pitch: Finnegan.

TENNIS

English

The tennis team opened the season with a win over English H. S., 4 to 2. The match was p'ayed at Chestnut Hill. In the singles Shapiro defeated Levenson and Kennedy defeated Glickman. Captain Lake was playing out of form and lost to Golden. Guild also lost his match.

Summary

Shapiro (L) defeated Levenson, 6-4, 2-6, 6-3.

Lake (L) was beaten by Golden (E), 6-3, 3-6, 1-6.

Kennedy (L) beat Glickman (E), 7-5, 7-5.

Guild (L) was beaten by Soroker (E), 1-6, 5-7.

Doubles

Shapiro and Lake (L) beat Levenson and Golden (E), 6-4, 6-4.

Cohen and Nolan (L) beat Berkovitz and Soroker (E), 4-6, 6-3, 7-5.

Final Score: Latin 4, English 2.

HUNTINGTON SCHOOL

The second match was against Huntington School at the Y. M. C. A. courts on April 27. Cheng, Huntington School defeated Shapiro. Lake had an easy, time defeating Hodder. Kennedy's work in the doubles was excellent. Guild and Cohen playing second doubles easily defeated Leslie and Wadden.

Summary

Shapiro (L) was beaten by Cheng (H) 6-3, 1-6, 1-6.

Kennedy (L) beat Halfacre (H), 6-2, 6-4.

Lake (L) beat Hodder (H), 6-1, 6-2.

Doubles

Shapiro and Kennedy (L) were beaten by Richardson (H), 3-6.

Guild and Cohen (L) beat Leslie and Wadden (H), 6-2.

Final Score: Latin 3, Huntington School 2.

Cohen and Keough (L) were beaten by Kaufman and Salter (W), 2-6, 2-6.

Final Score: Latin 0, Worcester Academy 5. —R. L. Rooney '22

WORCESTER ACADEMY

On Saturday, April 29, the team suffered the first defeat of the season at the hands of Worcester Academy, Worcester taking everything to the tune of 5 to 0. The only thing that can be said is that Worcester had a better team. The only close contest of the afternoon was that between Kennedy and Persons. The latter also played a very fine game in the doubles.

Summary

Shapiro (L) was beaten by Dreyfuss (W), 3-6, 0-6.

Kennedy (L) was beaten by Persons (W), 6-4, 6-8, 3-6.

Guild (L) was beaten by Salter, [Capt.] (W), 1-6, 2-6.

Doubles

Shapiro and Kennedy (L) were beaten by Drefuss and Persons (W), 2-6, 3-6.

GOLF

The golf team, an organization which has not been in existence very long but seems to be gaining popularity in the school, met a few days ago to discuss prospects. Manager James Sullivan has arranged a fine schedule, the final game being with the faculty. Paul Sullivan is Captain of the team and plays a fine game. Other promising candidates are Walsh, Steptoe, and R. E. Sullivan. Guild, who played last year, will be unavailable for the team as he is a member of the tennis team.

The schedule:—

April 29—Dorchester High

May 8—Fessenden School

May 13—English High

May 19—Manchester High

May 26—Brookline High

June 3—Faculty



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SOLVENT

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"Good idea. The films will pay for the Duke."

* * * *

JURY DUTY

"Why do they call 'em talesmen?"

"Everyone has a tale ready," explained the judge, "as to why he shouldn't serve."

* * * *

IN THE HOSPITAL

"The doctor says I have a benignant tumor. What is the matter with you?"

"I have a kind-hearted carbuncle."

* * * *

SAFETY FIRST

Teacher: "Johnny, if you don't behave I'll have to send a note to your father."

Johnny: "You'd better not. Ma's as jealous as a cat."

* * * *

MIGHT USE IT

"Father gets very angry when fixing the car."

"Yes, I'm glad the kit of tools doesn't include an ax."

* * * *

A CRACK SHOT

Mandy: "Does you' husban' contribute to your suppo't?"

Hanna: "He sure do! Dat man am de best crap-shooter in dis town."

"Mother, you ought not to let daughter dress the way she does."

"How foolish you are, John! I depend on her to keep me posted on styles."

* * * *

TENNYSON

Tennyson found great joy in relating anecdotes of his visit to Scotland. He told the following one about an inn-keeper near Sterling. A friend asked, "Do you know the man you had with you the other night?"

"Na-a, but he was a pleesant shentleman," was the reply.

"It was Tennyson, the poet."

"An' what may he be?"

"Oh, he is the writer of verses such as you see in the papers."

"Noo, to think o' that," said the inn-keeper, "just a public writer, an' I gied him ma best bedroom."

* * * *

SURE SIGN

Dan: "He's a new driver."

Dick: "What makes you think so?"

Dan: "He hasn't got over arguing with the traffic cop yet."

* * * *

Now is the time for every good man to look around and see if it's his presence his girl appreciates—or his presents.

* * * *

THERE ARE REASONS

"No woman ever takes another woman's advice about a frock."

"Naturally. You don't ask the enemy how to win the war."

HE NEEDS SOMETHING

Taylor: "An American genius has invented a chair that can be adjusted to 1,000 different positions."

Smith: "Well, I must see if I can't get one for my small boy to sit on when he goes to church."

* * * *

A BORN MATHEMATICIAN

"I saw your sister on the street today."

"Yes? How did she look?"

"I don't know, I didn't see her face."

"Then how did you know it was she?"

"Oh, I'm pretty good at figures."

* * * *

Customer: "Why do you keep telling me all these horrible murder stories?"

Barber: "Well, you see, I find they help me lots by making your hair stand on end."

* * * *

SURPLUS OF SIDES

"I hardly know how to decide this case."

"Well, judge, there are two sides to every question."

"This is a triangle."

* * * *

Boy: "Father, isn't *wholesome* a funny word?"

Father: "Why, son?"

Boy: "Because you can take the whole away and have some left."

* * * *

TELLING HIM

"Have you fallen through the coal-hole?" asked the passerby of an old gentleman who was wedged in the coal-hole that was uncovered.

"Oh, no," snapped the old gentleman, "I happened to be here when the road was built, and so the workmen, not wanting to disturb me, merely built it around me."

* * * *

NATURAL QUESTION

"He goes south for the winter and north for the summer."

"Millionaire or flivver tourist?"

RIGHTLY NAMED

Mrs. Quiverful: "John, I have had to discharge the new nurse; she had a terrible cockney accent. I caught her calling the nursery the 'noisery'!"

Her Husband. "Well, what's the matter with that?"

* * * *

TOO MUCH TO EXPECT

"But can't you and your husband live happily together without fighting?"

"No, not 'appily."

* * * *

SOME CAR

"How do you like your new car?" asked the Lizzie driver.

"Great," replied the Big Six Driver. "It runs so smoothly you can't feel it. Not a bit of noise, you can't hear it. Perfect ignition, you can't smell a thing. And speed—why it whizzes! You ought to see it."

"Must be some car, can't feel it, can't smell it, can't hear it, can't see it. How do you know it is there?"

* * * *

NO DICTIONARY NEEDED

"We ought to get a good dictionary for our stenog."

"Aw, she irons out her gloves and handkerchiefs in the letter press."

* * * *

TOO MOIST

Fellowes: "Does your wife cry when she gets angry?"

Parks: "Yes, it isn't the heat of her temper that distresses me so much as the humidity."

* * * *

EXCEPTION PROVES THE RULE

Georgie: "Ma, if the baby were to eat tadpoles would they give him a big bass voice like a frog?"

Mother: "Good gracious, no! They'd kill him!"

"Well, they didn't."

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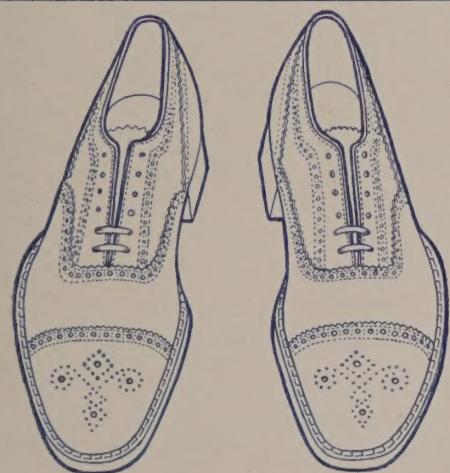
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